

THE CITY MORGUE

Throng There to See the Dead of the Slocum.

TRIES TO LEAP FROM PIER

Pathetic Stories Told of Ravages the Fire Made in Families on East Side.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The city morgue is the center which attracts those in search of missing relatives, and those who come out of idle curiosity. Yesterday, from dawn until midnight, the searchers came and went, and after them came the undertakers to carry the bodies which had been identified. Before the day's end, it was estimated that 30,000 persons had visited the dead-house.

This morning the ceaseless tramp of people passing through the front door of the morgue, the searchers are hoping against hope, of finding some trace of their missing relatives.

The dead were brought down from North Brother Island, in such coffins as the department of charities could provide, and laid in two long lines on the pier of the department of charities. The supply of coffins in the department was rapidly exhausted, and when Commissioner of Charities fully learned of this fact he issued orders to buy as many coffins from dealers in Manhattan as could be supplied in a hurry and delivered at the pier. As a result was that while most of the bodies were in plain wooden boxes, a few were in more elaborate cloth-covered caskets.

Big Force of Police.
Police Captain Shire, of the East Thirty-fifth Street station, stationed, at dawn yesterday, eighty patrolmen, with two sergeants and two roundsmen, at the pier and along Twenty-sixth Street as far west as First Avenue. Captain Shire anticipated that, between 6 and 8 o'clock, an unusually large number of persons would visit the morgue, and he wanted to keep the crowd orderly.

It is estimated that about 7,000 persons visited the pier.
The early evening crowd was made up largely of working men and women who went home from work by way of the morgue.

Woman Tries Suicide.

After the crowd had considerably thinned out, a young woman, all in black, walked along one line of coffins, and stopped beside one in which was the body of a white-haired woman. The young woman knelt beside the coffin and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, it's you. And I sent you. I told you it would be pleasant, and so you went, and I killed you."

The daughter left the coffin and walked straight to the water, where she reached the edge of the pier, she looked at the water a moment, then stepped backward and dashed forward, apparently to jump off the pier.

A Bellevue nurse who happened to be passing got directly in the way of the woman, knocking her down. Several policemen rushed to the assistance of the nurse, and finally carried the young woman to the psychopathic ward.

Mother and Children.
The physicians said that it was simply a case of acute hysteria, and that the sufferer would come back to herself in an hour or two. That was what happened, and when the young woman regained her senses she said she was Mrs. Katharine Diamond of 79 Mangin Street.

She said that her mother, Mrs. Katharine Birmingham, had gone on the Sunday school excursion, taking Mrs. Diamond's two children with her. Mrs. Diamond wanted the children to go, and thought that it would also be a pleasant outing for her mother. Mrs. Birmingham, it was learned, took the Diamond children in her arms, rushed to the after part of the boat, and was preparing to leap to the water, when the upper deck gave way and crushed out the lives of both the children and their grandmother.

Other visitors in the morning were Charles Ottlinger, of 91 East Seventh Street, and his two daughters, Katharine and Lillian. The three, with a son, George, are the only ones left of a family of nine. The Ottlingers were parishioners of St. Mark's Church, and Mrs. Ottlinger, with her two pairs of twins, Charley and Emma, eleven years old, and Arthur and Andrew, seven years old, were among those who went down on the excursion.

Ottlinger first found Charley and Emma, and a little way up the second line the three found Mrs. Ottlinger's body, with her two twin boys, Arthur and Andrew, clung in her arms.

Wife and Children.

Detective Sergeant McCafferty was one of the early comers. He said he was looking for the body of Mrs. Todd, the janitress of the house at 103 East Seventy-fifth Street, where McCafferty lived. He said that Mrs. Todd, with her daughter, Mrs. Henry Hermann, of 410 Fifth Street, and Mrs. Hermann's six children, had been passengers on the Slocum. He found the body of Mrs. Todd, but could not get any trace of Mrs. Hermann or the children.

The steamer Fidelity got to the pier about 10 o'clock with four bodies, and the Massasoit got in at 2:45 with thirty-nine more. The Massasoit also brought down from North Brother Island a considerable cargo of the belongings of the dead. There were two baby carriages filled with children's straw hats. There were also several barrels full of women's handbags, purses, and belts. Many of the purses contained considerable sums of money.

Of Eleven, Two Return.

One of the most striking cases of the missing out of a whole family was furnished by Henry Kassebaum, of 136 Guernsey Street, Greenpoint. He said he was looking for the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Schnude, of 425 East Seventy-sixth Street. Mr. Schnude was his father-in-law and a deacon in St. Mark's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Schnude, their unmarried daughter, Annette, about thirty years old, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Schnude, Jr., the latter's two small children, Grace and Mildred, and old Mr. Schnude, Mrs. Schnude's two other daughters, Mrs. Kassebaum and Mrs. Freda Tonipont, and the last-named's two children, Francis and Charlotte, were all aboard the boat. All of the family lost their lives, except Mrs. Kassebaum and Annette Schnude. Pathetic and tragic scenes were enacted time and time again, as the identifiers recognized the faces of friends and relatives. Mothers cried out and fainted beside the boxes containing bodies of their husbands and babies, and one despairing woman tried to throw herself into the East River, but was prevented by a Bellevue nurse.

One feature of the scene was the invasion of the pier by hundreds of young and fashionably-dressed women. Many were accompanied by escorts, others went unattended, but nearly all were unmistakably idle sensation seekers. Two of these women drove over in an automobile. The police at First Avenue at first refused them permission to pass. But the women begged actually with tears in their eyes to be allowed to see whether any of their friends were among the dead. They smiled later when they had gained their point, and walked over to the pier. Several other women came in carriages, but the majority snatched a look from the Twenty-first Street shopping district.

Odd and Interesting Incidents of Disaster

Widespread Interest Shown in Those Who Lost Relatives With the Destruction of the General Slocum.

NEW YORK, June 17.—"No one who stood on the beach on Wednesday night when men were fishing out bodies as fast as they could row back and forth will ever forget the scene," said a prominent police official. "It is the kind of thing that a man will wake up nights and see again before him in the darkness."

"Only one of a hundred such instances was a mother and her three children. The mother had clutched them so fiercely in her death agony that it was hard to release her arms from the babies. "Two young girls were found clinging to each other just as they had jumped from the steamer. A little boy with his right arm clasped about a little girl's neck, her arms around his waist—that was another one of the death groups that was enough to make any man weep."

HERCULES OF A MAN

FOUND AMONG DEAD
"We found one giant. He was 6 feet 6 inches tall, a perfect Hercules of a man, and must have weighed 300 pounds. On a handkerchief, in indelible ink, was printed the name 'Griffing.' He must have made a terrible fight for life. His limbs and face showed that only too plainly."

"One of my men, S. H. Berg, raised up a baby carriage, with a six months old girl in it. The baby had been strapped in the carriage and the hood of the vehicle was pulled down over it. "I could tell of fifty such horrors that would make you gasp. But a man does not want to think of too many of these things, and the don't look well in print. They are not pleasant to remember either."

JUST ONE SMILE AMID

THE SCENE OF GREWSOMENESS
In all the hours of horror on North Brother Island the hard working men had but one chance to smile. It did them good and chased away the black thoughts for a time.

A photographer, eager for gruesome pictures, set his camera in front of a building where half a dozen girls in red dresses were sunning themselves on the veranda. He was about to press the button when the coroner came by.

"What in thunder are you doing there?" demanded O'Gorman. "Why, ain't these some of the rescued?" asked the photographer.

"Not on your life. They are scarlet fever nurses. That is the scarlet fever, and I wouldn't advise you to tarry long in this neighborhood."

The photographer grabbed his camera and fled.

WATCHES, RINGS, JEWELS

AND MONEY ON THE DEAD
"We found about 300 watches on the dead," said the coroner, "a bushel of finger rings, hundreds of pins and jeweled trinkets of every description, and a large amount of money altogether. My estimate of the value of the watches and rings and jewelry is \$150,000."

The dead were people in comfortable circumstances, and many of the women wore diamond earrings and diamond rings of great value. Some of them had big rolls of bills in their pockets. Many wore bags under their corsets or strapped around their waists in which hundreds of dollars were found. "All this money, as well as the jewelry, has been placed in bags with tags corresponding with the numbers of the tags on the bodies. I don't think there will be great difficulty in relatives claiming and securing this property at the proper time."

COMMISSIONER DARLINGTON

HOLDS TRUSTS OF THE DYING
Health Commissioner Darlington, on his return from North Brother Island, carried in his pocket a chatelaine bag and a gold watch, which had been handed to him by two young girls, who died as they were being carried ashore and before they could make known their identity.

"The chatelaine," said Dr. Darlington, "was given to me by a girl of about seventeen, who was brought in half drowned and terribly crushed, soon after I reached the island. As I lay on the grass near the shore, she opened her eyes and held out this little bag. "Give this to mother," she said, 'and say Amelia.' "Then, without finishing, she fell back and died. The handbag contained only three unmarked handkerchiefs."

Soon after this Dr. Darlington said his attention was drawn to a young girl who lay on the grass near the shore. As he approached she took off her

eyes and held out this little bag.

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watch, and her lips quivered. He knelt beside her and raised her head. "Speak!" he said. The girl's eyes opened, then closed. She, too, was dead.

Ever since the disaster there have been reports that persons who lost relatives in the Slocum had committed suicide. All of them have been attributed to the same cause, and all so far have been without foundation. Edward Klein, of 31 Avenue A, lost his mother, wife, and two children. A report last night that he had killed himself, but he spent the day in preparing for the wife's funeral, and vainly searching the morgue for the bodies of the others.

Joseph Hornstein, thirteen years old, of 218 Seventh Street, and Jacob Kolask, thirteen, of 229 Rivington Street, were arrested in front of St. Mark's Church. Policeman Gallagher testified that he saw one boy with his hand in the skirt pocket of a woman. He refused to come to court to prosecute the boy, as she had several small children on the General Slocum, and she was afraid that if she left the church she might lose word of what happened to her babies. McKean sent Kolask to the house of refuge. Hornstein was remanded until Saturday for sentence.

Among those who lost their lives in the disaster were Henry C. Schnude, of 136 Guernsey Street, Brooklyn, receiving teller for Kountze Brothers, of 129 Broadway, his wife and two children, and his father and mother. The wife and two children of Mr. Tonipont, an employee of the Chase National Bank, and a relative of Mr. Schnude, were lost. The only one of the party of ten who was saved was Miss Nettie Kassebaum, a sister of Mrs. Schnude. Mr. Schnude's body was recovered.

The charred body of a woman, clutching tightly in her arms the remains of a small child, was washed ashore near Flushing, from the wrecked steamer General Slocum. The police took charge of the bodies, and they were carried across to Hunt's Point.

Mrs. Mary Boineaman, who lives with her two sons at 78 Post Road, White Plains, probably owes her life to the fact that she missed an elevated train in New York city. She heard the whistle of the Slocum as she was nearing the river and was out of breath when she reached the end of the pier, only to find the gangplank had been pulled in and the lives cast off.

One home in Jersey City was made desolate by the disaster on the Sound. The wife and two children of Ernest Hoffman, of 226 New York Avenue, were killed. Mrs. Hoffman was in her twenty-ninth year. The children, Raymond and Edna, were aged four and two years, respectively. Mrs. Hoffman and her children accompanied her husband's mother, who lives in Manhattan, on the excursion. The aged woman was also killed. Hoffman is employed by the National News Company. He is nearly crazed by his loss.

The United States Crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., has advised Police Commissioner McAdoo that it is prepared to cremate, free of charge, the bodies of those who perished in the Slocum disaster, upon the request of friends or relatives.

Mrs. Charles E. Pifer, wife of Policeman Charles E. Pifer, of the Vernon Avenue station, Brooklyn, was lost. Her body was identified at the morgue. Mr. Pifer, who was on duty yesterday, celebrated yesterday the first anniversary of their marriage. Many friends had been invited to their home, and Mr. Pifer was decorating his rooms with blooming plants when he learned of the disaster and later of his wife's death.

Captain Corrigan, of the North Beach police, said yesterday that his men were patrolling the Long Island shore for bodies from the wreck of the Slocum. He said the work would be up all night, and that there might be no delay in discovering a body on the shore a searchlight would be used.

CONSUMED BY A FIRE THAT WATER WILL NOT QUENCH

Eczema drives its victim almost to the verge of distraction by its intolerable itching, stinging and burning. It seems to set the skin on fire, and the tormented sufferer rubs and scratches till the flesh is raw and the skin is torn and bleeds. Nothing applied externally does much good, for the disease is internal; the blood is aflame with acid poisons, that are forcing their way through the glands and pores of the skin, causing it to redden and swell and break out in spots, pustules, and pimples, from which a clear, yellow, watery matter exudes, hardens and dries, and then peels off in scales or fine particles like bran. Eczema kindles a fire that water will not quench, and that lotions, salves, powders and soap cannot smother. As warm weather comes on and the system is reacting and the blood making extra efforts to throw off the accumulated poisons, Eczema attacks with redoubled violence, and the sufferer is almost distracted by the fearful itching and burning. It is the most uncomfortable and aggravating of all skin eruptions and a terror in warm weather.

Local remedies give temporary ease, but as Eczema is not due to outside causes, but to disordered condition of the system and an over-acid and impure blood, the treatment must be constitutional, or internal. Purify the blood and the skin disease will disappear. No better blood remedy can be found than S. S. S. It builds up the sour and acid blood with redoubled violence, and the sufferer is almost distracted by the fearful itching and burning. It is the most uncomfortable and aggravating of all skin eruptions and a terror in warm weather.

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TWO BABY BOYS NOBODY KNOWS

Possibly Sole Survivors of Families of Victims.

ARE IN LEBANON HOSPITAL

Doctors Work Without Sleep—Police Guard Captain Van Schaick and Other Officers.

NEW YORK, June 17.—In what generally proved to be a vain search for relatives whose names had not been included in the lists of the dead or injured, the Lincoln and Lebanon hospitals in the Bronx were the places to which hundreds of persons turned as a last resort.

Most pitiful of all were the calls at the Lebanon Hospital for two babies who still remained unidentified last night after more than 100 anxious fathers or mothers had looked at them and sadly shaken their heads.

Baby Not a Year Old.
One of the babies is only eleven months old, while the other is almost three years old. Both are boys, but there is nothing by which either of them can be identified.

By the sympathetic nurses at the hospital it is feared the children are the only remaining members of their families. Neither babe is seriously hurt, but they will be kept at the hospital until finally, perhaps, a relative appears to claim them.

Of the 400 patients treated in the Lincoln hospital, only thirty-three remained there last night, and in the Lebanon Hospital there were only twenty-seven. Of those whose injuries were such that they were held in the hospitals over Wednesday night, many were well enough yesterday to go to their homes.

Two Deaths Yesterday.

Only two persons died at the hospitals yesterday. A woman at the Lincoln Hospital passed away without having been identified and her body was sent to the morgue. At the Lebanon Hospital the victim was a young girl, whose skull had been fractured by a falling timber on the General Slocum.

Most interesting of the patients were members of the crew of the General Slocum, who were held under arrest at the Lebanon Hospital. There was Captain Van Schaick, whose injuries are more serious than those of any of the men under him; Henry Canfield, cook; Edward Weaver, one of the pilots; W. W. Tremblay, Edwin Robinson, James Wood, and James Plinton, deckhands.

Police Guarding Officers.

To watch each of these men a policeman was specially assigned, and spent the day close beside the man he was guarding. Since the coroner has been unable to find B. F. Conkling, the engineer of the General Slocum, he is determined to take no chances on other members of the crew not appearing when they are wanted to give their evidence. Edward Van Wort, another pilot, was released from the hospital under bail.

Work Without Sleep.

Most of the physicians, nurses, and attendants at the hospitals in the Bronx carried on their work without having had any sleep the night before, but for them the hardest tasks were finished by last night. The patients who were not well enough to go home had everything possible done for them and were resting comfortably on their cots, frequently with relatives or friends to watch beside them in place of the tired nurses.

The Lebanon Hospital, a message was received by William Daub, the superintendent, from Jonas A. Well, president of the board of directors of the hospital, as follows:

"Directors of hospital appreciate highly the indefatigable efforts of your heroic work, assisted by doctors, nurses, and your daughter, in the unfortunate Slocum disaster."

STATUTE PUTS LIMIT TO OWNERS' LIABILITY

Sufferers Cannot Recover More Than the Value of Vessel and Her Cargo.

NEW YORK, June 17.—With the practically worthless hulk of the General Slocum lying at the bottom of the river, the surviving relatives of those lost on the steamboat can recover nothing from the owners of the boat. If the latter take refuge under the limited liability laws of the United States, which were passed expressly for the relief of owners of vessels.

The situation is covered in Section 4253 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows: "The liability of the owners of any vessel for any act, matter, or thing, loss, damage or forfeiture, done, occasioned or incurred, without privity or knowledge of the owner, shall in no case exceed the amount of the value of the interest of such owner in such vessel and her freight then pending."

Refuge under this law was taken by the owners of the steamboat Portland, which was lost with all on board, 155 souls, in November, 1895, while on a trip from Boston to Portland, Me.

Many queer things go through the minds of the United States, but it is often the officers have to deal with sides of bacon. Yet a rich and greasy side was delivered to its owner yesterday, after considerable clever detective work on the part of the local delivery officials.

Carrier John E. Brennan has the collection route in Pennsylvania Avenue, south of Seventh Street, and late last night he emptied the box in front of the drug-store at 627 Pennsylvania Avenue. There was one package away above the legal weight limit, with no address on it.

Brennan shouldered the package, and carried it to the postoffice. There its character was discovered. An investigation was made, and it was learned that the owner had been in the vicinity, very full of enthusiasm and other things, last night, hunting an express office.

As his name was known, and the officers did not believe the bacon would do well in the Dead Letter Office, the owner was sent for and presented with his property, carrying it away.

DEPOSITED HIS BACON

IN THE MAIL BOX

SURPRISE OF COLLECTOR WHEN "GREASY GROCERIES" TUMBLED OUT AMONG OTHER PACKAGES OF MAIL.

UNITED STATES BAND

LEADS CONFEDERATES

Ten Thousand Men in Nashville Parade Who Fought Under the Stars and Bars.

NASHVILLE, June 17.—The remnants of the South's once great army yesterday paraded through the city. The parade was the feature of the closing day of the fourteenth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

A band of the United States army led the parade, and several United States mail carriers along the line of march handed ice water to the thirsty veterans.

Following Commander-in-Chief Gen. Stephen D. Lee and staff was Miss Corbett, of New Orleans, the "sponsor for the South," and the "sides of bacon" in a carriage. In the parade were 10,000 veterans.

The Sons of United Confederate Veterans elected N. R. Tisdal, of Fort Worth, Tex., commander-in-chief, and John J. Davis, Louisville, Ky., commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.

MR. COWHERD NOMINATED.

KANSAS CITY, June 17.—William Cowherd was nominated for Congress here by the Democratic convention of the Fifth Missouri district.

DEPOSITED HIS BACON IN THE MAIL BOX

SURPRISE OF COLLECTOR WHEN "GREASY GROCERIES" TUMBLED OUT AMONG OTHER PACKAGES OF MAIL.

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